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A

YOKE

For the

Roman-Bulls.

BEING

A POEM written on the Royal Proclamation for Exiling Popish-Priests and Jesuits, &c.

To which is added, A

TELESCOPE

For the

New Astrologers:

OR, A

Looking-glass for the Staring Star-gazers.

WHEREIN IS

A Reply to the Libellious and Seditious Censurers of the late Fire in the City of *London*.

By *T. S.*

K

Licensed according to Authority, the 7th. of *Decemb.* 1666.

Printed for *S. Speed*, at the Sign of the *Rain-Bow* in *Fleet-street*. 1666.

A

YOKE

For the

Roman-Bulls.

A POEM

Written on the Royal Proclamation for exiling Popish-Priests, &c. before *December* the 10th. 1666.

——*Procul hinc procul ite nocentes.* Statius.

POpe ope thine Arms, and *Rome* make larger roome
For thine own *Darlings* now are coming home:
So Fau'kners do receive their Birds of Prey,
When at their Game they can no longer stay.
Here is no room in *England* for your Breed,
We'll *send for 'um again when we have need.*
The *awful voice is sent forth,* and th'ad best
Be from their Machinations repreſt.
So Foxes when bold *Treſpaſſers* they be
Are ready at the *Land-lords* voice to flee.
Our holy *Faiths Defenders* pious care
Denies them here to fix their treach'rous *Snare:*
So do the gen'rous Lions nobly chaſe
Rapacious Vultures lurking in their Place.

And think ye not our *Royal Lyons* will
From *Wolves* protect our *Flock & Shepherds* still?
'Tis not the *roaring* of a *Roman - BULL*
Can scare those *Royal Beasts*, or disanul (Pope
Their *Sov'raign Right*; No, no, go tell your
We are not to be *bull'd* by him; nor hope
To *build* your *Roman Church* by horrid *Plots*,
Perfidious as the *Presbyterian-Scots*:
Your *holy Water*, holy as it is,
Will never purifie your souls in this.
Think ye that Heaven can in justice see:
And suffer with success such Villanie?
No, for to *sacred Truth* 'tis as contrary,
As *to make Prayers unto the Virgin Mary.*
And 'tis as *fruitless Labour* I protest,
As *to adore St.* Francis *and the rest.*
I doubt not but your *Cardinals* will find
They *had as good their CAPS throw 'gainst the* (*wind*,
Though to assist such impious intents,
Ye had as many Popes *as Sacraments.*
Prepare to march then, with your *Romish-cheer*,
Ye must not think *to keep your Christmas here.*
Y'are no fit *Christmas-Guests for England*, so
When our blest *Advent* comes, then you must go:
Make haste, and you'll come time enough (I hope)
For New-years-gifts presented to the Pope.
But if ye do exceed th'*appointed time*,
'Tis no *Popes pardon* can *absolve* your crime.
Take with ye all your *Reliques*, let no more
Your *Romish-trumpery* rest on our shore.
(Nothing of *Rome* we need within our Land,
Unless when Ladies write in *Roman-hand.*)
Let *Jesuitick Ginns* no more be seen
To *gull the simple*; root up all your *green*

Tran-

Transplanted *Innovations*, don't ye know
From the beginning (that) *it was not so?*
Don't think to you so soon we will submit,
For all your boasts of Learning and of Wit:
Why mayn't a *Person* of mean document
Pray be as prudent as Pope INNOCENT?
I think upon Record it may be seen
That half your Popes too *Innocents* have been.
Then don't proud *Emp'ricks* through the *Uni-*
No more your *Epidemick drugs* disperse. *(verse*
Go heal your Pope; ye can't deny I'm sure
But that his *Holiness* doth need a cure.
And (as for him) 'tis also thought I see
That *change of air* is requisite for ye.
Why then be gone, and think not to delay
The *Royal Mittimus* to disobey,
For 'tis as vain for *Residence* to plead
As to *make intercession for the dead.*
No *Papal dispensation* can obtain
Connivance for ye longer to remain.
Your *UNIVERSAL VICAR*'s *wrested stile*
Will finde but little Vigour in our *Isle:*
For though he *Lord* it over OTHER KINGS,
OURS are SACRED, and our *sacred things*,
As also *Persons* are (as is most fit)
Above his *Usurpation*, though he sit
As PETER'S (proud) SUCCESSOR *by pretence*,
Our Divine * JAMES *his real one's* immense
And Royal *Title* to his *Monarchy*,
The PAPAL INT'RST can and doth deny.
O that our *holy Vine* were once but free
From the *dead Ivie* of *each Enemy.*
Those *greedy Foxes seeking to devour*
With *equal malice her divinest Power:*

* His Majesties Royal Grandfather, and our first English Monarch.

Leaving

Leaving with horrour to ſucceeding Time,
Novembers Plots and *Januaries Crime:*
While both do madly looſe by each *extream*
The pureſt Church of *Englands golden Mean.*
Be ſilent ye *Impoſtors*, then, by whom,
Between the Church of *England* and of *Rome*
Is judg'd ſo little *odds*; ye that wou'd fain
Over that *Gulph* an *eaſie Bridge* maintain.
Fie, don't demonſtrate with ſo little ſence
Your ignorance as well as impudence.
How many of *her Sons* (pray) for *her ſake*
Have gone to Heaven from the *Flaming-ſtake?*
Don't ſo betray your malice then; 'tis true,
They are as much *Her* friends, I think, as you:
Though ye are more *Unnat'ral* than the *other*,
So *Viper*-like to *tear* your own dear *Mother.*
Your *bold Compariſon* is as uneven,
As 'twixt ſuch *Saints* as you, and thoſe in Heaven.

A

LOOKING-GLASS

For the

Staring Star-gazers.

Hoc faciunt ſtulti quos gloria vexat inanis

SEctarian Sirs, who to the world declare
How great your own *Religionſneſſes* are,
And are with *Phariſean* lips ſo free
To cry *Stand off, we're holier than ye*;
And, *God be thanked, we are not ſo much*
Involv'd in ſin as Publicans and ſuch.
Who like ſo many Popes do oft confeſs
Such *large dimenſions of your Holineſs*;
Who now can cry, *Theſe are your ſinful crimes*
That cauſe ſuch judgements on theſe wicked times.
And e'en wou'd *force* the Planets too to be
Predictive of a *ſecond Deſtinie.*
Who have your *Faith and Doctrine* from ſo high,
Not from the *holy Mountain*, but the Skie.
Whence had ye (pray) your learning, that ſo ſoon
Your *Study* is as *lofty* as the *Moon*?
Your Conventicles I did never hear
At *Greſham-Colledge* ever did appear;
Who made ye (pray) ſuch *mighty Cenſurers*
As if your * *Libels* were all *falling-Stars*?
From whom (I wonder) do ye boaſt *your Riſe*?
From *Mother Shipton*? or was ſhe too *Wiſe*

—Limis oculis in res alienas inquirens. Hor.

* They drope about libels, therein pretending the Planets did divine that *Weſtminſter* & *Southwark* would be burnt in *Q. Hob.* &c.

To

To be your *Head?* she doubtless too is staler;
Perhaps ye onely rise from *Saint James Nayler.*
Why then beware his *destinie*, while you
Wish other men what to your selves is due,
Lest like *Perillus* ye tormented are
By that which ye for others did prepare;
Or *Thrasius*-like become the *Victim* when
Ye did design the Lot 'mongst other men.
I fear 'tis not your Judgement, but desire
We may behold a *second dismal Fire.*
Or, is your wickedness so horrid, that
What ye *fore-tell*, ye'd also perpetrate?
Then don't (*deluding Ones*) pretend ye are
Inspired by a Planet or a Star:
While ye abuse (by your Hypocrisie)
The noble Science of Astrologie.
Do not, great *Pseudo-Prophets*, pray ye, fain
Your selves to be of Sage * *Melampus* strain,
While your inept inventions plainly plods,
To make ye *Psappho*-like but *airy Gods*:
Let not such whimsies mount ye up so fast,
Owels that attempt to soar, will fall at last.
Gaze in the Skies no more, nor madly prate;
Look to the *blazing-Comets* in your pate,
Keep off your saucy hands from *Heavens Rod*,
As if ye wou'd usurp the Throne of God.
(Such is your pride, your pride (I say) is such,
Ye have been to usurping us'd so much.)
Let not conceits so giddy and so vain
Possess your factious, peace-disturbing brain.
These your transcendent errours do declare
Your minds as wand'ring as the Planets are:
But what your selves cannot believe, you will
(Seducers-like) affirm to others still.

—*Nec enim lex justior ulla, Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.* Ovid.

* who (as *Homer* in his *Odysses* reporteth) was as famous among the Grecians for Prediction, as *Æsculapius* for Physick.

Quæ Deus occulta esse voluit non scrutanda sunt.

Thus have we ſeen the Juglers often uſe
To do, that they the People may amuſe.

You'll likewiſe *Deifie* your ſelves, and then
You'd fain make *Devils* of all other men,
As if to you that priviledge were given,
Hugh Peters-like to *ſee both Hell and Heaven.*
Popes have (ye ſay) no power to *make a Saint,*
Nor ye to *make a Devil,* I'll maintain't;
But onely thus far (*ſailing* on ſuch *Shelves*
Of Errour) to make Devils of your ſelves.
Then ben't ſo forward to condemn all thoſe
That are ſo honeſt as to be your foes.
But while ye cenſure others, do but view
What reprehenſions to your ſelves are due.
Look in your own hearts, and conſider then
Your ſelf-exaltings 'bove your bretheren.
Miſtake me not, I go not to deny
The Nations ſins brings this Calamity:
No, I avouch it, but I'd have *unfurl'd*
Your own deluding *Colours* to the world.
All Whoredom, Drunkenneſs and Swearing, I
Abhor as much as you to juſtifie.
Yes, but I'd have ye too, as well as theſe,
Conſider how your own may God diſpleaſe.
VVas *Corah, Dathan, and Abirams* Crew,
Not ſuch a kinde of *Cattle* (pray) as you? (then?
VVas not their crime Rebellion? 'gainſt whom
VVas *Moſes* not, and *Aaron* (pray) the men?
Don't ye the *ſame in diſobedience* do
Againſt your *Lord the King* and *Biſhops* too?
Are not your *murmurings* pray even ſuch,
The Biſhops *take upon them too too much?*
And (like that curſed Crew too) don't ye cry
The Clergy they *are lifted up too high?*

Niſi quod faciunt nihil recte judicant.

Judicet ille de alterius errore qui non habet in ſeipſo quod condemnet.

And

And did not on those Rebels this provoke
From angry Heaven a most hideous stroke?
Come, come, this *wilful disobedience*
Masqu'd under Conscience is an high offence.
Religion and Conscience often be
Pretended in the worst of Villanie.
To wave all others, and to quote the high'st,
Did not the *Jews* in crucifying Christ
Pretend the same as zealously as you
Did in (next unto that) the highest too,
When ye did act that execrable sin
On *Martyr'd Charles*, who's now as *Cherubin*?
Come, there's no sinner like the Hypocrite,
The Proverb saies, *No Devil like the white.*
I make no doubt ye all your selves suppose
Shadrachs, and Meshachs, and Abednegos;
But pray did none of ye that were possest
Of *Habitations*, burn among the rest?
I know *your great pretence*, forsooth, ye can
Obey the Will of God 'bove that of man;
But what obeying God is greater than
Th' obeying of just *Authorized Men*?
Then while blind Zeal just duties thus controuls,
Let not fond *errours* so seduce your souls.
No *Golden Gods* are by a *Heathen King*
Commanded now to worship, No, the thing
Required now, is to obey (I'm sure)
The *living God* in *worship that is pure.*
Then what pretence is left? O Conscience! now
These things ye can't by any means allow.
Have ye forgot, when ye did scruple less
Rebellion, Murder, and *all wickedness*?
And does this Conscience still lack liberty?
Pray what to do? *To swallow up the Sea?*

Con-

—Sub dulci melle venena latent. Virg. *In nomine Domini incipit omne malum.*

—Rabido gestans sub pectore Vulpem. Pers. *Sat.* 3.

Qui curios simulant, & bacchanalia vivunt. Juv.

Contend not then so foolishly, who is
Guilty'st of *this sad Metamorphosis*;
But let us all reform; I'd need but say,
Then let us but the King and Church obey:
Their Laws command I'm sure, of me and you,
Both *What to* Cæsar *and to* God *is due.*
(Hear what the holy Churches STARS *divine*,
Fear not to what *the others do incline*;
The *Superstition*'s in *observing those*,
When we imagine they so much impose.)
As for the *Consistory-courts*, I'm sure (pure:
Their Laws are wholesome, their due practice
But what's the reason ye will those despise?
Because they punish your iniquities?
I ne'er was *question'd* by 'um, but I must
Confess, I think, th'are *merciful and just*:
But ye're resolved onely to oppose
Things legally ordain'd, and onely those.
Come, come; obey, obey (I say) the King,
And wave each *frivolous and foolish thing.*
Ye cry down Bears; indeed 'tis too too true,
The Land's too full of suchlike *Bears* as you;
Ye blame the *enmity between the Beasts*,
But greater enmity lurks in your breasts.
Ye like no Plaies, but chiefly those that be
Like unto *Masi'annello's Tragedie.*
No, those unmasque Rebellious wickedness,
And shew ye how your conscious souls transgress.
To *Theatres of blood* ye can submit,
But not unto a *Theatre of Wit*;
And with an *Hewson*-ey'd Zeal you will report
The sins not of the Country but the Court.
Perhaps ye ne'r have been there, since *White-hall*
Was made an *Acheron* by *stinking Noll*,

When

When *Pluto* there a *helliſh Court* did keep,
And curſed *Hugh* did preach his Imp aſleep.
And ſo ye think it ſtill the ſame: but know,
Now the *juſt Steward's in't* 'tis nothing ſo.
Perſons make places quite anew become,
Mrs. K. P. As *Pompey's Reſidence made Africk Rome.*
Pray if ye are ſuch Courtiers that ye know
In what the Courtiers ſin, and what they do;
Come once again to Court, and ſee a thing,
Look on your gratious and indulgent King:
See, ſee how much of Clemency and Grace
Sits in his Royal and Majeſtick Face.
See whom ye do offend, it wou'd convince
A *Scythian* to behold ſo good a Prince;
Perhaps your diſobedient hearts will melt,
Having the power of ſuch an object felt.
Remember his *Amneſtia*, don't ye know
To him your lives and liberties ye owe?
Then ben't deluded (once again, I ſay,
If ye wou'd Heaven pleaſe, the King obey.)
Your *Tub-invading Rabſhakehs* ne'er lack
Tricks to ſeduce additions to the *Pack*;
But though they *Gowns* refuſe, yet be it ſpoke,
'Tis not the longeſt *Presbyterian* Cloak
Will *hide their knav'ry*; that will be diſplaid,
Though they're as ſlie as *He that whipt his Maid.*

FINIS.